TO: Yo, Valera.
FROM: J.E.
SUBJECT: Megurinov
DATE: 2004-08-14

If you're reading this — I got doxxed IRL or the cops finally kicked down the door. I'm cooked.

Listen up, you absolute unit. Behind the radiator, taped under the drywall, there's a USB. On it? 20 gigs of rare memes and my last will in [redacted] format. Password is your belt size times your age. Don't screw it up.

But more important: [redacted]. They know. They saw you at the store buying three packs of dumplings at 3 AM. That was the beacon. Your webcam is on, and yes, I saw you pick your nose. We don't have time.

I held them off as long as I could, but my old [redacted] energy is fading. You need to disappear. Go to Aunt Shura's dacha. Feed the cat. And for the love of god, skip a meal or two — your hitbox is too big to hide behind the birch trees.

I'm logging off for good. Don't check my search history.

P.S. If a guy in a tracksuit offers you "free chicken" — it's a setup. That's not chicken, Veleron. That's a trap.

J.E.